

It was with the object of assisting you in your noble efforts that I scribbled the following

SERENADE.

TO CITIZEN ODDIE AND THE OLD PIONEERS.

FOR "THE BALLARAT COURIER."

Just a word with dear Citizen Oddie
 In case he should chance to forget
 To tell us that wonderful story
 Of the past, and the men living yet.
 For the pioneer hearts of the fifties
 Are crossing the bar one by one,
 And the glamour of days that were golden
 Recall the brave deeds that were done
 By the men,
 Who are drifting away one by one.

It was you, sir, who rocked the first cradle—
 You surely remember all that?—
 When Esmond, Pugh, Brown, and some others
 Struck gold upon Poverty Flat;
 When the Golden Point rush had its glories,
 And gutters of glittering gold.
 What scenes of excitement and wonder!
 Your version of that must be told,
 Honored sir,
 As it looked in the fierce light of old.

We must have every story recorded,
 Every chime of the past fifty years,
 Every note, be it sorrow or gladness,
 To ring in posterity's ears;
 Each event that suggests a true picture—
 For the unborn Australians must know
 How their forefathers struggled for freedom
 In the days of the long, long ago,
 For the right,
 Against might, long ago.

You must tell of a morn unforgotten,
 When Liberty—holiest cause—
 Was at stake, and the red-shirted diggers
 Rebelled against tyrannous laws.
 Let us know, for you needs must remember
 The fate of the banner of blue
 That was hoisted above the Eureka
 By Lalor, the brave and the true
 Dead chief,
 By Peter, the brave and the true.

Let us hear of some long vanished idols—
 Poor Brooke, Barry Sullivan, Kean,
 Lola Montez (that wench with a story),
 And Drew, from the island of green;
 Kitty Hayes—dearest Kitty—the singer,
 Old Coppin, and Greville, and Dunn—
 What a host of old joys they awaken
 In the days that were deluged with fun—
 Heigho!
 In the days when the diggers had fun.

You can tell how the wreck of the London
 Created a sorrow profound,
 How the news of "Sebastopol's taken"
 Was toasted in bumpers all round;
 How the nights wore away with the praises
 Of Britain's undaunted brave sons,
 Who stormed Malakoff and Redan heights
 And spiked all the enemy's guns—
 Brave hearts,
 Who captured the Muscovite guns.

There is something heroic and grand in
 The pioneer tales of the past;
 From the blossoming beauty of nature
 To the thunder of wheels rolling fast.
 From the bush to unparalleled splendor,
 Broad streets, lovely gardens, bright eyes,
 Rugged men, healthy mothers, and children,
 And fanes lifting up to the skies,
 To the blue
 Of our cloudless and beautiful skies.

So "a taste of your quality" quickly,
 In this Athens of southern seas,
 Where every wind whistles of freedom
 And flutters our flag to the breeze.
 Let your eloquence paint us a picture
 Where the federal city should be,
 When our country becomes federated
 And our sons are united and free,
 And our children
 Are happy and free.

For the deeds of the men gone before us
 Will influence those who must come,
 In the years when Australia's a nation
 And we march to the beat of one drum.
 When the spirit of true federation
 Sets the hearts of our people aflame;
 Then, and not until then, shall Australia
 Stand forth in her grandeur and fame,
 And her sons
 Share her triumph and fame.

J. G. REILLY.

You must sing to the people, if you would fire them with patriotic sentiments, you must inspire them with the thought begotten of freedom and untrammelled liberty.